



PROJECT MUSE®

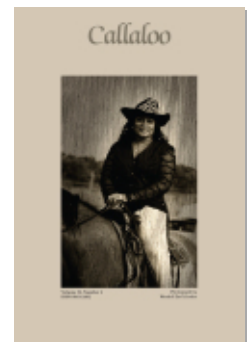
King Kong in the Bronx

Deborah Paredez

Callaloo, Volume 34, Number 4, Fall 2011, p. 1036 (Article)

Published by Johns Hopkins University Press

DOI: 10.1353/cal.2011.0209



➔ For additional information about this article

<https://muse.jhu.edu/article/461216>

KING KONG IN THE BRONX

by Deborah Paredes

In the winter of seventy-seven, the jostling crowds at Lowe's Paradise Theatre hollered out as the ape clung to the crumbling tower—desperate for escape, nearing collapse like a burned-out tenement. The people rose from their seats, showering applause as Kong crushed propellers in his closing fists before his final plummet, their cheers rising higher than the smoke circling above the rows of neighboring buildings blackened and hollowed like rotting teeth.

Daniel was too young to remember, but this morning in the car when he yells, *I feel so good today, I feel like King Kong!* he is saying the Bronx still dreams of Kong rising from his demise, strolling along the Grand Concourse offering his upturned palm. The Bronx dreams of its King lifting the people from their slouched huddle at the bus stop, beyond the zoo and the ball park, beyond the borough's obdurate gravity, so when they turn back they turn together like a planet steady on its axis, like the tide, like the idea of a thing into the thing itself, they turn and turn and turn.